

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

PART III. MISS DOYLE.

CHAPTER V. "BEYOND SEAS."

SIR CHARLES BASSETT felt no inclination to rise from his seat and clasp the hands of the two old friends whose presence formed, at last, a solid link between the Old Grey Mare and the New. It did not even occur to him that there might be something ignominious in eaves-dropping. Men in public places listen freely to conversations in which they have no interest. Surely if the talk interests them, there is reason for listening the more.

"Waiter! Another white satin—stiff ironed," said Ronaime, in the slang of the Grey Mare, where every sort of drink had a name unknown to the profane. "Have another yourself, Esdaile. If ye want to drink to the memory of the poor old archdeacon, in a way that'll be worthy of 'm——"

"It was curious, your attending Stella on her deathbed," said Esdaile. "Poor little girl! Why, I was in love with her myself once—for nearly a whole week, I believe. We all were, in turn, from the governor himself down to the call-boy. She was an odd sort of a girl; ten times a better actress off the stage than on. She used to want everybody to be at her feet, just for the fun of kicking him away."

"That isn't what Jack Doyle would have called odd, anyhow. 'Tis what he used to say of all the women, and I've come to think he wasn't so far out after all."

"You, doctor? Why, you used never to know the difference between a woman and an angel. Have you been bitten your-

self, eh? But no wonder Jack thought so, if Stella was his experience of what an angel means. I don't believe she ever meant harm, though she'd swallow presents like a savage, and stick to a fellow till she couldn't get any more. I like thorough-going people, you know. Stella was thorough-going. Jack Doyle was just the man for a thorough-going woman to marry—a big, bearded ruffian, who could drink a woman out of house and home and knock her down if she cried, and throw her away if she began to bore him. That's the sort of man a woman loses her head as well as her heart to——"

"And ye call a blackguard like that 'poor Jack Doyle'?"

"I didn't call him a blackguard, doctor. It may have been he that lost himself, head and heart, to her, and then—Heaven help him!—he'd be poor indeed. I suppose he left her, and I suppose he had good cause."

"Good cause—to leave a woman to starve! For 'tis starvin' she was when I doctored her till she died. Ye make me want to knock somebody down, and yourself to begin on. Come, take your drink, and don't talk stuff, like a sensible man. Faith, 'tis queer that the first place I'd turn into, after being twice round the world would be the Mare, and the first man I'd meet there would be you."

"Not particularly queer, seeing what the Mare used to be to us all, and that I've never left off feeding here, off and on. I've been feeling like the last man for years. There's Charley Bassett turned into a baronet among the Philistines, and Urquhart married and done for, and for aught he lets any of us know, as rich as a Jew, and Jack Doyle drowned or hanged, and

you, till to-night, trying to find out the size of the world. If ever a band of brothers was broken up and scattered abroad, it was ours."

"But 'twas a band of fathers we were. And how's Zenobia—poor little thing?"

"You mean poor little Eve? I'm ashamed to say I've been but a bad sort of a father; I haven't been near the place for years. I really must go, some day. But the fact of it is that after a bit it began to strike me that our old friend the admiral wasn't quite such a fool as he seemed—in fact, a bit of a sponge. He began to absorb as soon as his better-half went the way of all flesh and left only the worse behind. I suppose it was because I was the only father left in London. Any way, it was wonderful the number of boots and shoes that baby wore out in the course of a year. And when the boots and shoes got to be too much for my credulity, then she took to catching the measles, and the whooping-cough, and scarlet fever, and dyspepsia, and rheumatism, and heart-disease—about once a month——"

"No, no, Esdaile; that won't do. A girl doesn't catch the measles once a month; and as to heart-disease——"

"I always say, when I want a man to understand a joke, give me an Irishman. Any way, I got sick of the whole thing. I couldn't go near the place without having to pay. I verily believe I kept the whole household in boots and shoes—the admiral and all his boys. What was your department, Ronaine? For I suppose the household expenses were parcelled out among the five. On my honour, I could not afford to be a father any more. So I made a bargain. The child was being kindly treated enough, so I painted her portrait, or at least, put her into a picture, gave the price of it to the admiral for my discharge, and retired from business as a father. I suppose I ought to have invested it for her or bought an annuity, or something of that kind; but I didn't know much about business in those days, and—— But the truth of it is, our friend the admiral did me, I'm very much afraid. Well, done or not done, it was a good bargain. Three hundred pounds down must have kept Miss Eve in boots for some little time."

"And ye mane to tell me that, simple as ye sit here at the Mare, ye can paint a picture for three hundred pounds?"

"Hush! The back of this box may be between us and a dealer. I don't want all

the world to know how little I got for the first picture I ever had hung on the line. Miss Eve did me some good after all. Since that picture I've not done badly, and only come to the Mare when I want a real steak—not the things they call steaks elsewhere. She had the most wonderful eyes as a child. I'd have taken her for model-in-ordinary, if it hadn't been for that son of a horse-leech, the admiral. As it is, I've tried to copy those eyes from my own first studies over and over again, and, except just that once, always failed. But about you—what sort of a father have you been?"

"Oh, first rate, my boy! Of course 'twas out of the question keepin' up my payments to the minute, hither and thither as I've been; but that was no matter, with you, and Bassett, and Urquhart—of course Jack Doyle didn't count—to keep things straight and square. But I never missed putting by five guineas a quarter, when I had them, to make up arrears; and I never drew on what I'd put by except when I was obliged, and then I had to borrow, ye know. But I owe it just the same; so it's all one. Why, the accumulation must have come up to not far from five hundred pounds. Better than your three hundred, Esdaile."

"Five hundred! Well, I suppose it would be somewhere near that, if you've paid nothing. How time does fly—as I've heard somewhere. Only, don't let it get into the admiral's clutches, that's all."

"Faith, after what ye say of the old gentleman, I don't think I will. I'll pay it into the girl's own hands with my very own. And after what ye say of her eyes, 'twill be a pleasant thing. I'll take it to Miss Zenobia myself, all in notes and gold. It's what I've been looking forward to ever since I've been rolling about the world. I always said I'd make her the greatest woman of her time."

"Let me see. She must be a grown-up young woman. She may be dead, she may be married, for anything we know. We are on the wrong side of forty, you and I. Isn't it rather too late to begin?"

"It's never too late to begin. The great thing's not to begin too soon. I'll be able to know now what's her line—music, painting, poetry, acting, dancing, marrying dukes, or whatever ye please. As soon as I've a big practice I'll do everything. And as far as five hundred pounds will go——"

"Good moss for a rolling stone. You've

got five hundred pounds for that baby, in notes and gold?"

"An' that I have—anyhow, an' that I will have, when I've put back what I've had to borrow at odd times."

"And how much may the fund amount to now?"

"Well, it happens, just at the minute, to be a trifle low—not more than sixpence or sevenpence, may be; and may be, I'll have to borrow that, too, for the extra white satin. But it's all there, all the same."

"All there? All where?"

"If ye wasn't yourself, I'd knock ye down. All where, indeed? Why, in the honour of Ulick Ronaine; an' the Bank of England couldn't say more. Waiter! Another white satin—and whiter than the last, if ye please."

Poor Marion Eve Psyche Zenobia June! If she had ever known anything—if she could know anything now! nothing could have promised much fairer for a foundling than to become the adopted child of four—I may omit Jack Doyle—of four generously eccentric young men, who had sworn new brotherhood over a helpless baby. One ideal father had been made up of those four: Charley Bassett, the kindly and accomplished English gentleman; Ronaine, with his impulsive zeal; Esdaile, with his shrewd common sense; Urquhart, with his severe views of economy and training—English, Irish, Scotch; Lawyer, Physician, Gentleman, and Man of the World. Jack Doyle had been the only blot upon the shield held over her, the one weak link in the chain. And now the gentleman had forgotten her, the man of the world had washed his hands of her for comfort's sake, the lawyer had grown afraid of her, and the physician had learned to identify her with that To-morrow which he chased as hotly and earnestly as a kitten hunts its tail—never caught, though always its own. All had broken down.

But Sir Charles Bassett, listening, had no thought for her who should have been to him Marion, just as she was Eve to Esdaile, and Zenobia to Ronaine. For that matter he knew her to be dead, and that there was no reason for Ronaine to bother himself about turning the fairy gold of to-morrow into the hard cash of to-day. Neither poet, painter, singer, actress, duchess, would she ever be now; as a dead foundling she had fulfilled her whole fate, and there was an end of her. It was for

other reasons that his senses had been sharpened to hear every word of a conversation that, though in a public room, was not, after the satin began to do its work, spoken quite in the low tone in which Englishmen mostly discuss matters where money is concerned.

Was it likely, in truth, that John Doyle and Rayner Bassett should be one and the same? Rough guesswork was not proof. But that was not the question—the question stood, to his mind, and was bound to stand, was it likely, was there a reasonable hope, that John Doyle and Rayner Bassett were not one and the same? All he had heard and conjectured of Uncle Rayner was identical with what he knew of John Doyle. Uncle Rayner was known to have been living with a woman as his wife; and now it had been asserted that he had been married under the name of John Doyle, and that the marriage could be proved, fact, place, date, and all. There was absolutely no evidence of the death of Uncle Rayner, while John Doyle, after a long disappearance, was certainly alive. Uncle Rayner was just the man to marry a country actress (if he cared to marry) under a false name, and afterwards to sink to the degradation of John Doyle. If there were no extraordinary coincidence in all this, Uncle Rayner was alive. Strangers to the circumstances had suspected Doyle of some deep-laid design in coming back from India—still with an evil reputation—and raking up old stories about Sir Charles. If he were Uncle Rayner, there could be no possible doubt as to what those designs must be. Uncle Rayner, learning of his inheritance, would not be the man to leave his own unclaimed.

Sir Charles wished in his heart that he had not been moved by the sentimentality of an idiot to drop into the Grey Mare. There was really nothing odd in his finding Esdaile there, if the latter had never quite fallen away from the old place, and as to Ronaine, the world is very small, and stranger chance meetings between old acquaintances happen in London fifty times a day—to most men twenty times a year. Nor was it particularly remarkable, that it should have been Ronaine who attended the death-bed of a woman who called herself both Mrs. Bassett and Mrs. Doyle. It was the combination of all these things that touched Sir Charles as with the finger of destiny, and made him feel, rather than argue, that the most obvious inference was really the most true.

There were no newspapers to cover one's face with at the Grey Mare, so he bent his head over a pocket-book and affected to make memoranda while his two old friends passed his box on their way out. They did not even look towards him, so that he was able to notice how much or how little they had changed. Esdaile had grown stout and sleek, and shaved his chin and lips and wore whiskers, as if he were a solicitor instead of a painter. The world had obviously gone well with him—he had reached comfort and competence, if the fame prophesied for the ex-scene-painter was not as yet great enough to have travelled all over Lincolnshire. But then there had always been something quiet and un-Bohemian about Richard Esdaile, even in the ultra-Bohemian days. Ronaine, on the contrary, looked as if he had been travelling down, as well as round, the world. He was as lean, as gaunt, and as ugly as of old, and rather more shabby. Indeed—a thing that rarely happens to a man—he was uglier middle-aged than he had been when young. Wrinkles and red blotches had not improved him; his eyes had lost their redeeming brightness, and the old genial smile had become defiant and reckless, without however turning sour. He did not look as if he had five hundred shillings; but, at the same time, as if Zenobia Burden would have been a rich girl, if only the heart of Ulick Ronaine had been a mine of common gold.

His moral assurance of the identity of his Uncle Rayner with his old friend the archdeacon seemed to numb him a little, as he walked, not to his hotel, but to Ralph's lodgings. Without something more than moral assurance, his reason told him, there was no cause for meeting possible ruin, and the overturning of all that had become his whole life, half way. Only a few years ago he would have been prepared, after a fashion, for the surrender of Cautleigh Hall. But now, when he had just learned to feel at last absolutely safe for himself and his son, the surrender would come as a crushing blow. Why, what was he in London for, but to indulge to the full in his sense of security? Better than to give up Cautleigh now would it have been to have remained plain Charley Bassett with four hundred a year to throw away in the purlieus of the Old Grey Mare. And what Justice would there be in the transfer of wealth and rank from him and his son, and from such as he hoped his son's sons would be, to a drunkard, a profligate, and a forger? True,

he had been in possession of Cautleigh for the full legal time. But he was lawyer enough to know that absence beyond seas when a right accrues rendered possession short of forty years of no avail. Jack Doyle—Rayner Bassett, had been certainly in India when the Rector of Cautleigh died. Just the one chance in a thousand had happened that he had never dreamed of foreseeing.

It was past midnight when Ralph came home, bringing Lawrence with him, and, to his surprise, found his father waiting in his rooms. And something about his father made him exclaim, by way of greeting:

"You in town! Is anything wrong at home?"

"No; I came up suddenly on business, and I hadn't time to let you know."

"I wish I'd known—I shouldn't have been out of the way. This is my friend Lawrence you've heard me speak of."

"I am always glad to meet my son's friends," said Sir Charles, with an air of vexation at not finding Ralph alone that he could not quite conceal. But Lawrence was happily thick-skinned, and honestly thought that the manners of a Sir Charles Bassett could not possibly be wrong. Ralph set about producing things to drink in a matter of course way that did not please the father, who used to do the same thing for his friends in a very much more matter of course way.

"I am very glad to meet Sir Charles Bassett, indeed," said Lawrence, making himself at home with a cigar and a drink in a manner that irritated Sir Charles for no reasonable reason at all. "By the way, I suppose your son has told you of our meeting with that money-lending fellow, who had the impudence to claim to be a friend of yours? I knew of him in India, you know." The choice of the topic was not the height of tact, but it would have been otherwise harmless, except to Lawrence's own reputation for the good form that he admired.

"Yes," said Sir Charles, more sharply than his son remembered to have heard him speak any one word.

"Oh," said Ralph, "you must know that Lawrence dreams of Doyle. He saw Doyle's daughter once—and he's gone."

"His daughter?" asked Sir Charles, this time in a tone of real interest, which surprised Ralph still more.

"Your son knows," said Lawrence, "just as well as I do, that she's the prettiest girl in London. It's a fact—we do dream of



Miss Phoebe Doyle. But, talking of dreams, I must be gone. Good-night, Bassett—good-night, Sir Charles, and au revoir.”

Jack Doyle's daughter—Rayner Bassett's daughter! If that were so, then good-bye to land and life for good and all. Unless, indeed—

But the thought was too vague to take form even in the mind whence it sprang. It only prompted Sir Charles to say:

“Do you know this man Doyle? Where he lives, I mean?”

“Lawrence knows,” said Ralph, bringing an extra cloud from his cigar, and so speaking as to imply, “Lawrence knows—not I.” “It's—”

“I may have occasion to see him after all. So she's the prettiest girl in London—eh?”

“Lawrence thinks so,” said Ralph as before. Then they talked of many things, but neither of Jack Doyle, nor of Jack Doyle's daughter, nor of Cautleigh Holms. Sir Charles lingered over the talk, for he was in no hurry for his own company and that of his own dreams.

## MAHOMETAN RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

“THE Santon Akyazli,” says Evlia Effendi, “lived forty years under the shade of a wild chestnut tree, close to which he is buried under a leaden-covered cupola. The chestnuts, which are as big as an egg, are wonderfully useful in diseases of horses. Tradition says that the tree sprang from a stick, which the saint once thrust in the ground that he might roast his meat (Kebabs) on it. Round his grave are various inscriptions from the Koran, censers, vases for rose-water, candelabra, lamps wrought in the style of Khorassanic work, and at his head a horse-tail or standard, and a drum. Those who enter this room are struck with trembling awe, and revived by the fragrant scent of musk which they inhale. Out of the four windows you have a blooming prospect of a garden, full of hyacinths and jasmynes, of roses and of nightingales. The guard of this sepulchre is entrusted to the dervishes of the order of the Bektashi. I myself, being afflicted with ague, having come to this place, recited the seven verses of the Lord's Prayer (Fatiha, which is the first Soora of the Koran), wrote a distich with which I was inspired on the spot, and put myself under the green cloth covering the coffin.

There I fell into a sleep, and awoke in full perspiration and restored to health by virtue of this grave.” Evlia Effendi's picture of this tomb is a pretty one, but many such may be seen in Turkey, where a delicious climate and a bountiful Nature soon make beautiful the last resting-places alike of Moslem and of Christian. To this day the roses bloom, and the nightingales sing, over the grave of Henry Martyn, at Tokat. Akyazli was of the sect of the Bektashis, and had belonged to their order from its foundation in the time of Murad the First down to the time of Murad the Second, the father of Mahmoud the Conqueror. The standard and drum at the head of his tomb denoted the connection of the Bektashis with the Janissaries, whose patron Santon was Hadji Bektash, the founder of the order which bears his name. Most of the Janissaries were incorporated into the order, and thus formed a military fraternity of monks and soldiers, like the Templars and the Hospitallers. In later days, the Knights of Rhodes found in them foes worthy of their steel. Down to the massacre of the Janissaries, the Sheikh of the Bektashis was colonel of the 99th Regiment, and eight of his dervishes were lodged in the barracks in Stamboul, where they offered up prayers day and night for the success of the arms of their companion. Hadji Bektash himself came from Khorassan, and it was perhaps on this account that lamps, in the style of “Khorassanic work,” came to be placed round the tomb of Akyazli.

In the history of modern, no less than in that of mediæval saints, there is generally a ludicrous feature. At the door of Akyazli's tomb, a saddle was wont to be shown, and it was said that one of his disciples named Arslan Bey (Lion Bey) was so devoted to his master, that he allowed himself to be saddled and bridled by him, and served him as a steed. We need not attach much importance to this story of the “ass in the lion's skin;” the saddle, perhaps, belonged to Akyazli, and, in course of time, superstition fitted it to Arslan's back.

Hadji Bektash sleeps near Angora, in a tomb not less pretty than that of Akyazli, and a village named after him has grown up round the tomb. Evlia, who was an energetic pilgrim, visited a station on the confines of Persia, where the body of the Santon was seated in one of the corners of the convent in a curved position, with the face turned towards the Kibla, and with

the head resting on the rock. "His body," says Evlia, "is light, and like white cotton without corruption. The dervishes, who are busied all day long with cleaning and sweeping the convent, put every night a basin of clear water at the saint's feet, and find it empty in the morning. The brain of all who visit this tomb is perfumed with ambergris; and he who recites at this tomb the seven verses of the Fatiha may be sure to attain during seven days the object of his wishes."

It would seem from this legend of the basin of water, that the guardians of this tomb were desirous of impressing on devotees that its occupant was one of those holy saints who have the power of revisiting the earth, and who exercise this power during the night. The water, of course, was placed for the refreshment of the saint on his return from his nocturnal expeditions. These Santons are called sometimes the "Rijâl el Ghaib," or the "absent ones," and it is their business to wander over the surface of the globe, and render spiritual aid to those who need it.

My readers will perceive that it is not in Christendom alone that faith and superstition combine to hallow the last resting-places of men, who may be assumed, without hesitation, to have led pious lives.

The Roman Catholics, whose calendar is so vast that each day of the year is sacred to several saints, can scarcely blame the dervishes for believing that their "departed saints" watch over the living and sometimes mingle with them, but always incognito and in humble clothing. Christians and Moslems alike inherit this belief from a remote antiquity. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews had this belief present to him when he wrote: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." The history of the patriarchs and the legends of Greece and Rome teem with illustrations of this belief, and carry us back to the times of spirits or gods that used to share this earth.

With man as with their friend.

Of the miracles performed by the dervishes, however, I do not propose to write at length. I shall merely cite a few for the purpose of showing that the supernatural power which has been claimed for them, is worth no more and no less than that which has been claimed for other saints of more ancient or more modern denomi-

nations. "The wells about Mocha were brackish, until two saints of great piety were buried there, since when the waters have been sweet." This tradition seems to be a faint reflex from the scriptural account of the sweetening of the fountain of Marah by Moses. "Nashoollah Semmand was so famous a fisher that if he threw his net upon the sand of the desert he was certain of catching fish." This seems to me to be a reminiscence of the occasion on which, when the greatest of Teachers had left speaking, he said to Simon: "Launch out into the deep and let out your nets for a draught."

When Abdul Khadir Ghilanee, the founder of the order of the Kalenders, sought to be admitted into an order of the dervishes at Bagdad, the Sheikh of the order handed him a cup of water which was full to overflowing as an intimation that there was no room for him in the order. Abdul Khadir, acting under miraculous inspiration, laid a rose-leaf on the water without disturbing it and without producing any overflow. He was at once admitted into the order. The Abbé Blanchet has appropriated this legend, and introduced it into his Eastern Apologues, but he has converted the Teké of dervishes into a scientific academy, and has laid the scene in Persia. With him Abdul Khadir becomes "Le Docteur Zeb."

There is a village in Asia Minor called Tooz-Keni (the salt village), which derives its name from the neighbouring salt mines. It is said that these salt mines were created by Hadji Bektash, who, coming there and finding that the inhabitants, for want of salt, lived on unsalted meat, struck the ground with his stick and produced the mines. The miracle of Elisha, whom the Moslems claim as a dervish, is alike in principle, though different in circumstance.

"The men of the city said unto him: Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant as my lord seeth, but the water is naught and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein, and they brought it to him, and he went forth to the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there and said: Thus saith the Lord! I have healed these waters, there shall not be any more dearth or barren land."

I am not going to claim supernatural power as the privilege of the dervishes, I merely state that others have claimed it

for them. In an epistle, which forms part of our scriptures, but which is believed to have been written not by St. Paul, but of those earlier Jewish saints, "of whom rather by Luke or Apollos, mention is made the world was not worthy; who wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth . . . in sheepskins, and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented . . . who stopped the mouths of lions; quenched the violence of fire; and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." All this and more has been claimed for the Santons of the dervishes, and, I may add, for the saints of India, and for the saints revered by mediæval and even by modern Christians. It is time now to enquire whether the doctrines and principles of the Moslem Santons have been as closely allied, as their practices and their reputations have been, to the doctrines and principles of other ascetics in other climes and other ages.

In the estimation of all strict Moslems, the dervishes of every order are sectarian in practice and in doctrine. Their convents; their vows of celibacy and poverty; their lives of wandering mendicancy; their periodical gatherings at the tombs of celebrated Santons; and the presentation of votive offerings to the guardians of the tombs; are all opposed to the teaching, and to the well-known and often expressed wishes of Mohammed. But if they err in practice, they err still more, as strict Moslems think, in doctrine. They conform to the State religion by professing the monotheism which Mohammed inculcated; but in their discourses, their prayers, and their hymns, they hold firmly to the pantheism which he condemned.

I need not say that, both as monotheists and as pantheists, they are wholly opposed to the polytheism which he sought to destroy; though there are some reasons to fear that their pantheism may in time degenerate into a polytheism of their own.

Coleridge was wont to say in his familiar conversations, "Pantheism and polytheism naturally end in each other, for all extremes meet; the Judaic religion is the exact medium, the true compromise." It seems to me that this dictum stands in need at once of amplification and modification.

We have abundant proof that both pantheism and monotheism have from time to time degenerated into polytheism, and that both have at other times revolted

against the degradation. Pantheism, which is the deification of the universe or nature, as a whole, has often glided into that form of polytheism which consists in the separate deification of the several forces and phenomena of nature; whilst monotheism, or the belief in a Creator, who is external to and independent of the universe, has not unnaturally resulted in that other form of polytheism which consists in the worship of beings, human or divine, who are supposed to be the agents and ministers of the Creator. Even when thus degraded, both pantheism and monotheism have had their periods of awakening and recovery. The monotheism of the Israelites was a revolt against the polytheism of the Egyptians and the Canaanites, and a return to the faith of Abraham. The pantheism of the Buddhists and the Hindu reformers was a revolt against the polytheism which had debased and disfigured the purer creeds which the Aryan races had brought into Hindostan. Christianity was a revolt, both against the polytheism of the Gentiles, and against the traditions, laws, ceremonials, and observances of human origin, which had overgrown the pure monotheism of the Israelites, and had become, as it were, idols to the Jews! The Protestant Reformation was a revolt against the polytheism of the Roman Catholics; the monotheism of Mohammed, which was a reflex of the monotheism of the Israelites, was a revolt against the idolatrous practices and beliefs which had debased the original faith of the Arabs and the Persians; and the pantheism of the dervishes, which grew up simultaneously with the monotheism of Mohammed, was a revival of the creed which had prevailed from the very early times throughout a vast portion of Asia.

The dervishes, as pantheists, hold:

That God only exists—that He is in all things, and that all things are in Him.

That all visible and invisible beings are an emanation from Him, and are not really distinct from Him, and that creation is only a pastime with Him.

That Paradise and Hell, and all the dogmas of positive religions, are so many allegories, the spirit of which is only known to the wise.

That religions are matters of indifference; having, however, this advantage, that they serve as a means of reaching to realities. Some, however, are more advantageous in this respect than others, among which is the Mahometan religion.

That in whatever place we may set our foot, we are always within reach of God. That in whatever place or corner we may entrench ourselves, we are always near to Him. That, perhaps, we may say there is a path which leads elsewhere, yet that, be our pathway what it will, it invariably leads to Him.

That there does not really exist any difference between good and evil, for all is reduced to unity, and God is the real author of the acts of mankind.

That it is God who fixes the will of man, who is therefore not free in his actions.

That the soul existed before the body, in which it is confined as in a cage. That death therefore should be the object of the wishes of the dervish, since it is through death that he returns to the divinity from which he emanated.

The pantheism of the dervishes, as thus expressed, is identical with that of the Hindu reformers in the sixth, and with that of the Buddhists in the fifth century before the Christian era. It is the same with that of the Stoics, whose principles, as we know, were, prior to the time of our Lord, largely adopted by Jewish philosophers.

Distinct traces of the same beliefs are to be found in the Hebrew Scriptures, whilst modern philosophy has methodised, and modern poetry has illustrated them, even in our own times. In short, the pantheism of the dervishes is merely one link in a great chain of thought, which stretches down to us from the early ages of the world.

The pantheism of the Hindu reformers is thus expressed in the following passage from one of the Upanishads, or sacred Indian poems of the sixth century B.C.

Whate'er exists within this universe,  
Is all to be regarded as enveloped  
By the great Lord, as if wrapped in a vesture.  
There is one only Being who exists;  
Unmoved, yet moving swifter than the mind,  
Who far outstrips the senses, though as gods  
They strive to reach Him; who, Himself at rest,  
Transcends the swiftest flight of other beings;  
Who like the air supplies all vital action.  
He moves, yet moves not; He is far yet near;  
He is within this universe; whose'er beholds  
All living creatures, as in Him, and Him,  
The Universal Spirit—as in all,  
Henceforth regards no creature with contempt.

The Stoics of ancient Greece taught that the world was God, or that God was the soul of the world, which they called His substance. They sometimes defined God to be an intelligent fiery spirit, without form, but passing into whatever things it pleased, and assimilating itself to all.

They also taught that human souls were, literally, parts of an emanation from the Divine Being, and they said: "All things obey and are subservient to the world—the earth, the sea, the sun, and other stars, and the plants and animals of the earth. Our body likewise obeys it, being sick and well, and young and old, and passing through the other changes when that decrees. For the world is powerful and superior, and consults the best for us by governing us in conjunction with the whole."

St. Paul, who was a Pharisee, and, like the Pharisees, well acquainted with the doctrines of the Stoics, skilfully availed himself, whilst preaching at Athens, of their pantheistic doctrines, when he said of the God whom he was describing: "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

The pantheistic doctrine of the ubiquity of the Supreme Being finds an apt exposition in the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, thus:

"If I ascend up into Heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Readers of Spinoza will at once recognise that his pantheism was identical with that of the Brahmins, the Buddhists, the Greeks, and the Dervishes, which last form of pantheism was methodised immediately after the death of Mohammed. Spinoza taught that man had no free will, but was merely a *modus* dependent on causes without, and not within him. In his opinion, free will and liberty belong only to God, who is not limited by any other substance. Good and evil, according to Spinoza, are mere relative notions, and sin a mere negation, for nothing can be done against God's will, and there is no idea of evil in Him. So also Spinoza taught that every thought, wish, or feeling is a mode of God's attribute of thought; that everything visible is a mode of God's attribute of extension; and that the world does not exist as world, i.e., as an aggregate of single things, but is one complex whole, and one peculiar aspect of God's infinite attribute of extension.



It is in Pope's Essay on Man that the most popular exposition of pantheism is to be found. It is well known that to the composition of this famous poem Lord Bolingbroke, who was a follower of Spinoza, contributed the arguments, whilst Pope supplied the versification and the imagery.

Wordsworth's pantheism, as might have been expected, is not so close in grain as that of Spinoza, but it is still sufficiently cogent. It was his theory that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes;" that there is "a thrill of pleasure" in the least motion "of the birds," and that there is pleasure in the budding twigs when they "stretch out their fans to catch the breezy air."

Together with their pantheistic doctrines, the dervishes hold certain spiritualistic views, and the latter do not at first seem altogether consistent with the former. While they deny the existence of free will and liberty of action, they believe in the power of the will, and give some curious illustrations of this belief. Thus they have a legend to the effect that the Santon Bayazid Bestamee was born after the death of the Imam Yafer, Sadik, and yet that by the force of the Imam's will he received spiritual instruction from him. This is not consistent with the belief that free will and liberty are attributes of the Universal Being, and of Him only.

In the year 1857, a learned and devout dervish described to Mr. John P. Brown, the secretary to the American Legation, the following personal experience:

"When I was at Kerkoot, in the province of Sherazor, near to Mosul, I visited a Tekkieh, of the Kâdiree order, for the purpose of seeing a sheikh of much repute and great spiritual powers. When I arrived many disciples were present, all appearing to be much excited by the power or by the spell of the sheikh—so much so as to rise and dance, sing, or cry out, involuntarily. On entering the hall, I was also much affected by the spectacle, and retiring to a corner, sat down and closed my eyes in devout meditation, mentally praying to the sheikh to send away those persons, and to permit me to enjoy alone his society. The sheikh was several paces distant from me, and, as I did not speak, could only have known what was passing in my mind by means of his wonderful spiritual powers, by which expression I mean the faculty which one spirit has of

communing with another, and the power which a superior spirit has over the will of another spirit. On opening my eyes, I was amazed to hear the sheikh address me in the following words: 'In a few minutes your prayer, young man, will be granted, and you will commune with me alone.' To my surprise, in a few minutes, the sheikh, without speaking a word to anyone, had dismissed all his disciples from the hall, so I remained with him alone. One by one, each had ceased to be affected by his spell, and withdrew. I then experienced an impulse, beyond my power of refusal, to arise and approach him, which I did. I threw myself, helpless, at his feet, and kissed the hand which he extended to me. We next sat down together, and I had a long and most instructive conversation with him."

Coleridge, whose pantheism almost runs riot in *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*, tells us that the man to whom the Ancient Mariner was impelled, by the inward burning of his soul, to tell his story, could not choose but hear him.

I take one other illustration of the "power of the will" from Mr. Brown's work on the dervishes. He gives it in the words of a dervish writer: "In my youth I was ever with our Lord Molâva Sa-ed ed Deen Kashgaree at Hereed. It happened that we one day walked out together, and fell in with an assembly of the inhabitants of the place, who were wrestling. To try our powers, we agreed to aid, with our powers of the will, one of the wrestlers, so that the other should be overcome by him, and, after doing so, to change our design in favour of the discomfited individual. So we stopped, and, turning towards the two parties, gave the full influence of our united wills to one, and immediately he was able to subdue his opponent. As the person we chose each in turn conquered the other, whichever we willed to prevail became the most powerful of the two, and the power of our wills was thus clearly manifested."

Mr. Brown has recorded another illustration of a coincidence between the early dervishes and our modern spiritualists. He writes thus of the founder of the dancing dervishes: "It is a tradition of the order that whenever he became greatly absorbed in pious and fervid love for Allah, he would rise from his seat and turn round, much as is the usage of his followers, and that, on more than one occasion, he began to recede upwards from the material

world, and that it was only by the means of music that he could be prevented from entirely disappearing from his beloved companions."

The modern Mevleevs have lost this singular power. They still keep up their mystic dance, which is supposed to exemplify the rotation or dance of the heavenly bodies. Pope alludes to their dance in the following lines :

As Eastern priests, in giddy circles, run  
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.

And it is probable that the dance has come down from the age of sun-worship, and is merely a graft upon the pantheism of the dervishes.

The Turkish monks have not all been true to their principle of non-intervention in mundane affairs. Some of them have been as murderously inclined, as Ravallac or Jacques Clement.

One of them murdered Sultan Bayazid the Second; and, in the early part of the reign of Solymán the Magnificent, a dervish, called Kalender Oglon, who was descended in a right line from Hadji Bektash, raised a revolt, and headed an army of dervishes and kalenders. The revolt was with difficulty suppressed. In 1822, the Janissaries compelled Sultan Mahmoud to dismiss his favourite minister, Halet Effendi, whom they regarded as the author of the military reforms which the sultan was endeavouring to enforce. Halet Effendi was exiled to Konia where, being a dervish of the order of the Mevleevs, he took refuge in the convent of the order. Even there, however, the wrath of the Bektashees, followed him, and he was strangled in the convent, and in the midst of his brethren.

Sultan Mahmoud himself, after the massacre of the Janissaries, was in such peril from a fanatical Bektashee, that he was compelled to put the man to death, and to banish the order for a time from Stamboul.

It is curious that Mahmoud, the reformer, was himself a member of two orders of the dervishes. The hostility of the Bektashees to him was, therefore, akin to that of the Italian secret societies to Napoleon the Third. At present the dervishes, as a rule, are disaffected to the state.

More than once during the last five years, the great Sheikh of the Mevleevs at Konia and the Sheikh of the same order in Constantinople have been in custody or under surveillance; but, on the whole, the power of the dervishes is greatly broken, and

their system is sapped by the rottenness which has attacked all Turkish institutions. Yet, enough remains in the records and in the writings of the dervishes, to show that their orders have contained many learned, wise, pious, and courageous men, who, from time to time, like the ascetics of other religions, and other climes, have resisted the excesses of tyranny, and mitigated the tortures of oppression; and of whom it may be said that they lived "as unknown, yet well known; as dying, and yet alive; as chastened, and yet not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

#### WANTING.

UNDER the mighty headland the wavelets laugh  
and leap,  
The sunny breeze blows over the seas, soft as an  
infant's sleep;  
The butterfly over the clovered hill, flutter in  
mazy dance,  
The viewless lark in the deep blue arc, sings to the  
radiance.  
And all below and all above,  
Is sweet as hope and pure as love;  
"But ah," sighed the maiden, "the sunshine is dim,  
And the gladness is wearisome, wanting him!"  
Under the mighty headland the mightier rollers  
crash,  
As they break asunder in foam and thunder, and  
their crests in ominous flash  
Gleam in the steel-grey distance; and the winds in  
furious sweep  
Waken the waves in their deepest caves, and the  
voice of the angry deep  
Rolls full and far, over sand and Sear,  
In the glory and grandeur of Nature's war.  
"But ah," sighed the maiden, "the glory is grim,  
The grandeur is ominous, wanting him!"  
Over the mighty headland, over the heaving sea,  
From the sullen shroud of the lowering cloud the  
rain falls ceaselessly.  
Sobbing with wings wet laden, the wild west wind  
wails on,  
And our hearts sink low as its tale of woe, to its  
dreary monotone;  
And the embers grow grey on the lonely hearth,  
And the dull night closes on tired earth.  
"And ah," sighed the maiden, "as day died dim,  
So do my hours pass, wanting him!"  
The laugh that welcomes the sunshine rings false  
for the chime it knew;  
There is something dull in the beautiful, that is  
not watched by two;  
The sad sweet cadence of autumn, needs the ring of  
the soothing voice;  
Unless one is there her mirth to share, can the  
household joy rejoice?  
For the chords of life ajar must be,  
Unless one hand hold the master key;  
"And ah," said the maiden, "the nectar may brim,  
But for me is no loving-cup, wanting him!"

#### THAT PARROT.

DON'T be alarmed. This is no anecdote of any instance of "Extraordinary Intelligence" on the part of one of those birds;

no record in support of their reputed surprising tenacity of life ; no verbatim report of any remarkable oratory. Indeed, as will presently be gathered from the tenor of this painful tale, I have very little to say in favour of the Psittacidae generally (holding "no opinion" of the tribe myself), and still less of the individual specimen which forms the subject of this narration. I am simply about to relate a chapter of small but vexatious accidents, in which a parrot and myself were involved.

A previous turn of the wheel of Destiny, which proved so adverse to my feathered protégé, had allotted to me the curious hybrid position of ship's surgeon, and it was in that anomalous situation that I found myself off Greytown, six years ago, on board the Royal Mail Steamship *Tasmanian*. Greytown (so-called in honour of Sir Charles Grey, a former governor of Jamaica), or, more correctly, San Juan del Norte, is a small settlement located at the mouth of the river of that name in Nicaragua, on the coast of the Spanish Main, and is chiefly interesting from the probability that if a canal through the Isthmus of Panama ever really becomes an accomplished fact, it will have its Atlantic mouth at this spot, and will be formed by establishing a communication between the above-named river—or rather the lakes in which it has its origin—and the Pacific.

As we were to lie there a week, I readily obtained permission from the captain to go ashore.

Now going ashore at Greytown is more lively than pleasant, owing principally to the peculiar formation of the land. The amount of solid matter brought down in suspension by the river, in combination with the rapid growth of coral in those regions, has created new ground in such a way that Greytown may now be said to lie on a big lake, studded with fantastically shaped islands, or perhaps more correctly described as broken up by them into lagoons, and surrounded on the seaward aspect by a huge semi-circular reef, fringed in some parts with palms and mangroves, and in others consisting only of bare low-lying sands. On the outer side of this, the heavy swell of the Atlantic breaks with a dull perpetual roar—at times increased to a fury of thunder by the fearful hurricanes which sweep this coast—and dims the little white town standing out from its background of gigantic rubber-trees, with a thin gauzy veil of mist. The

openings in this reef and the lake inside it once afforded sufficient depth of water for the passage and anchorage of big vessels. Now, both have silted up to such an extent that three feet is the extreme depth on the only part of the bar that is passable, while close up to the landing-place the flat-bottomed centre-board schooners which trade to Costa Rica and Colon seem to be lying in a green field of rushes. A little steam-tug brings out to the ships the cargoes of coffee, india-rubber, tobacco, and specie which are exported from here—when she doesn't blow up, that is, or stick on the bar, as usual.

Of the climate, and conditions of life generally, in Greytown nothing need be said except that it rains in ceaseless torrents for ten months in the year and intermittently during the other two; that the heat is consequently of a stifling, steaming, starch-eliminating nature; that every noxious insect and reptile there looks on man as his best friend; that yellow fever, ague, earthquakes, and revolutions are more to be depended on than daily bread; that the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamers call there only once a month; and that those who have sojourned there have been heard to declare that rather than live in San Juan del Norte they would prefer to be dead anywhere else.

Towards this terrestrial paradise I set my face, not without some misgivings.

To begin with, it was a bad day, and we were anchored a good three miles from the reef. The tug had either stuck on the bar, or burst, or both; at any rate, she wasn't out, so I had a Hobson's choice of going ashore in a large dug-out canoe manned by six Indians or of remaining where I was. No doubt the canoe was really the safer craft of the two, but it didn't look so as it rose and fell on the waves, every one of which would have engulfed her had she been allowed to fall broadside on to them; and the big white fins which moved slowly backwards and forwards on all sides brought vividly to one's mind the ghastly yarns of boats capsized and their whole crews dragged down and torn to pieces under their shipmates' eyes, which had been retailed for my especial behoof at the break-fast-table. This danger, by the way, is so far from being an imaginary one, that a standing regulation of the Mail Service prohibits any ship's boat being lowered in this roadstead. There was a tremendous sea on, so that using the companion ladder was out of the question, since the canoe could not

come alongside; and as I was swung out by the steam-derrick, holding my little black portmanteau and umbrella in one hand and clinging to the rope with the other, I felt, as I remained poised in mid-air, waiting till the boat should come underneath me, like some rare species of fly in conjunction with a Brobdingnagian fishing-rod and line. I daresay the sharks thought so too.

Safely lowered at last, after two or three misses which seemed to dislocate every joint in my body, I alighted in the canoe with a thud on top of one of the Indians, whom I nearly transfigured with my umbrella. He didn't say "Waugh!" as he ought to have done according to the best authorities, but muttered something which sounded more like a "big, big D;" such is the universal spread of education and refinement nowadays. Still, there was a distinct, characteristic, Captain Mayne-Reid flavour about the whole adventure, as off we went on the "mounting waves that rolled us shoreward soon," and grew up in great green hills behind us, curling and frothing over the stern of our boat, with the daylight looming glassily through their crests till each seemed to overhang us like a watery cavern. I had supposed, of course, that we should pass the reef into the lagoon beyond through the opening above-mentioned, and was therefore no less surprised than alarmed when our dusky coxswain steered the canoe with his long paddle straight for a strip of sandy beach which seemed to constitute the lowest part of the bar, unmarked by rocks or trees, but which every sea converted into a snowy bank of hissing foam as it fell on the shingle. Nearer and nearer we drew, to take advantage of some current, as I supposed; nearer still—so near that I was in the act of turning round with a remonstrant shout to the man in the stern-sheets when, with a rattle and a roar, the breakers seemed to fly up suddenly around us like a pack of demons, and we were in the midst of the surf. With a yell the Indians sprang out of the canoe, which was instantly capsized; I was conscious of touching bottom as I was thrown out, but looking up saw a wall of water towering above me, felt two brawny arms thrown around me, a deafening rush and clatter in my ears, a long, long silent burial apparently in the depths of the ocean with a swift onward motion, a waking to more rushing and uproar and confused daylight, a scuffle, a scramble, a prolonged scraping and general sense of

whiteness pervading earth, sky, and air; and in fewer seconds than it takes the reader to read the wording of the process, I found myself laid high (but by no means dry) on the sands, while the boatmen were stolidly carrying their canoe across the bar to the still water beyond, as if nothing unusual had happened. Indeed, nothing out of the common had happened, as far as they were concerned, since they usually beach their canoes in this way in preference to running the risk of having them stove in in the passage of the outlet, where the current is strong. Of course, I was drenched to the skin, and my poor little portmanteau—whose capacity I estimated on the spot at about eight gallons, ale and beer measure—was still streaming through its hinge, like the rose of a watering-pot, as the child of the forest to whom the job of beaching me had been allotted took it up; my umbrella had gone for ever, and has perhaps formed the nucleus of a coral island by this time. "Venga, señor!" said my preserver, and we re-embarked.

But, oh! that glorious trip up the lagoon more than compensated for the dangers of the outer sea. The town lay in front of us, about a mile off as the crow flies, but the windings we were compelled to take nearly trebled that distance. It wanted an hour of actual sunset, but the edge of the grand old forest was already blackened in outline by the sun which was sinking redly behind it. The water—smooth as a mirror save where the repose of its surface was disturbed by the occasional splash of water-fowl or the sullen surge of an alligator—rippled away from our bows in two long lines which arrow-shaped our course as the canoe advanced, propelled by the Indians who now chanted a wild monotonous air to the rhythmic sweep of their paddles, and reflected a hundred green palm-crowned islets, gemmed with gorgeous blossoms or chequered with white patches of aquatic birds, or holding in the palm of some tiny hollow a wigwam from which the blue smoke twisted fantastically upwards into the evening air. Here and there a startled animal by the waterside sped away into the thicket, pausing for one instant only to gaze at us with head erect and quivering nostril, or an Indian squaw, sharply defined against the lurid sky, stood out on some jutting rock, momentarily heedless of the twisted grass line with which she sought to draw the evening meal from the quiet water of the lake. It was a scene which must ever dwell in the memory



of anyone who has witnessed it as I did, heightened in its calm intensity of beauty by its contrast to the turbulence of the billows whose solemn anthem still rang on the bar behind us. When I landed, the brief twilight had already set in, and with it, alas! disenchantment, too.

This is no guide to Greytown, nor have I any intention of inflicting on the reader a detailed description of my novel experiences of the inner life of that favoured spot. Suffice it to say, for the next three days, I varied my excursions into the jungle in quest of snakes with the scarcely less agreeable occupation of raking in ten-dollar fees from the inhabitants, who came in force for medical advice; that I lived chiefly on plantains and turtle, because there was nothing else to be had, and shall loathe the same henceforth and for ever; and that the rain set in within an hour of my arrival and continued the whole time of my stay there in such a style that the pulpy state of my shirts in the saturated portmanteau ceased to be a matter for regret. No wonder that greenness clothes every vestige of earth there, in which the most persistent tramping fails to wear a bare path, and that the sensitive plant, which carpets the ground and withers down under one's feet at every step, curls into the houses over the very threshold of the doors.

But I must pay tribute of grateful recollection to a certain Englishman there for his never-to-be-forgotten kindness to me on this, my first visit, and on a subsequent occasion. I was an entire stranger to him, yet he no sooner heard that a fellow-countryman had visited the shore than he rushed down to meet me, rescued me from the local saloon (or rather bar) keeper with whom I was bargaining for the accommodation of a vermin-stricken sort of porkless pig-stye furnished with a broken chair and a bed full of natural history—this gallant and daring act on his part being by no means devoid of danger to life or limb in that land, where every man carries a forcible argument in his right-hand pocket or boot—and carried me off to his own house in the little plaza of low white-washed tenements which constitutes the thriving and important city of Greytown.

My new-found and most hospitable friend made me welcome in a degree and with a sincerity of which people at home can have no idea. We call it hospitality when a man asks us to dinner in common with twenty other people, or gives us a spare bed. But

here was one who, though pecuniarily a prosperous merchant and one of the largest exporters of produce in the country, was often absolutely in want of the common necessities of life, and to whom those comforts which we look upon as necessities were there unknown. Yet he and his partner insisted on turning into the same bed that I might have the other, and bundled all their things into one of the two wretched rooms of which the house consisted in order that the second should be the more habitable for me.

A miserable hut it was, like all the rest; built of rough packing-case boards raised from the wet earth on piles among which reptiles took up their abode; lighted by unglazed shuttered apertures; and thatched with dried palm-leaves which afforded cover to scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and every other villainous creeping detestation that pollutes the earth. I used to lie awake at night and shudder, as I looked up at that entomological roof, which seemed horrent with abominable life in the dim light of the oil-lamp, nor shall I readily forget the cold sensation which traversed my spine when a great hairy spider walked stickily and stiltedly, with pompous military exaggeration of gait, up one side of my mosquito-curtain and down the other.

No words can describe that Englishman's kindness to me; the very fullness of expression in which I would give vent to my gratitude prevents me from mentioning him by name, but I have no doubt that many others who may peruse this would bear like testimony. He not only gave me all that his house afforded, but procured all that other houses in the little community would afford; he sent his labourers into the woods to catch animals and procure botanical specimens for me; he detained dollar-bearing patients who came while I was out, singing extravagant praises of my professional ability, whereof he had no particle of evidence, and carefully combating any wavering disposition on their part to get better in my absence; and when, more than a year later, I paid him another visit and returned from a journey up-country which I had undertaken under convoy of a party of his native rubber-cutters whom he had placed at my disposal, when I came back shivering and delirious with jungle fever and with my leg swollen and useless from snake-bite, he nursed me with the tenderness of a girl. A curious life for a man, well-born and of University

education, accustomed to society in which he was well qualified to shine conspicuous by his talents and thousand good qualities, to lead in that semi-savage desolation where his occupation was a strange compound of great mercantile operations with the pettiest retail shop-keeping ! He has lately returned to his native land with, I hope, the big fortune he deserves.

But where on earth is the parrot all this time, and what has this tremendous panegyric to do with the misadventures of that bird which, as set forth in the heading, was to be the subject of this paper ?

I don't know where he was at this precise juncture of affairs—probably not yet caught. No presentiment of him clouded the horizon of my happiness, but the finger of Fate was irresistibly drawing our circles nearer and nearer together, and directing his accursed flight towards the borders of my ken—that little bit of the world which we carry about surrounding us like a girdle, and which for us is the world. When the Tasmanian displayed the ensign surmounted by a black ball at the fore on the morning of the fourth day—the signal for my return in case of accident or sudden illness on board, which had been agreed upon before I left the ship—I took leave of my friend, as may be imagined, with heartfelt thanks and regret. Now, what could I do for him ? I asked. Nothing, he thought, unless—with a little hesitation—we could spare a bit of mutton, real English mutton, on board, in which case—What else ? Well, a bit of ice. He would ask me to send him some soda-water and bottled ale, but it would certainly all be smashed in the bringing ashore. This last proposition was subsequently verified, but he got a saddle from the fattest Southdown in the ship, and a lump of ice that must have warmed his heart.

Since there is little difference in being seized by a shark or an Indian, and as being blown up in three feet of water is infinitely preferable to either, I elected to take the steam-tug back instead of the canoe. During my stay I had become the happy possessor of—in addition to a cart-load of inanimate curiosities—a tiger-cat, an ant-eater, two hawksbill turtles, a monkey, a mountain turkey, four whip-snakes, and a boa-constrictor ; so that if I had thought I resembled Captain Mayne Reid whilst coming ashore, I felt more like Noah in going back—the similitude being strengthened by the rain which was pouring

down in torrents. But I got on board without further adventure : resumed buttons and gold lace, and that night enjoyed a tranquil and turtleless dinner, followed by unvarnished sleep.

Early the next morning I was roused by the receipt of a letter and the intelligence that a canoe, just arrived from the shore, was lying alongside. I rushed on deck and looked over the rail. In that canoe was the parrot.

The letter was from my late host, acknowledging safe arrival of the ice, etc., and saying that, after all, he had determined to take advantage of my offer by entrusting me with a commission. He had an aunt in England who was partial to birds, and had bethought himself to send her a parrot. Would I mind taking it ? He had been remiss of late in the matter of letter-writing, and the old lady would value the present doubly as an assurance that her favourite nephew did not forget her in that far-off land. She was in delicate health—suffered from heart-disease—so that he wished the bird sent to his agent in London who would personally convey it to her, lest she should be frightened by its sudden and unexpected advent—that is, if I would take it home.

Would I mind taking it home ! Would I have left a single bird in the New World, if his aunt had wanted them all ? The parrot was instantly established in a large cage in my own cabin, and care cast its shadow over me coincidentally.

There was nothing remarkable, good or bad, about the bird itself, as distinctive from the rest of his species in process of domestication ; he had no salient points, and, indeed, played rather the passive part of first cause or principle in the abstract than an active one in the troubles which overtook me later. Of course, he capsize his bath over my papers and screamed at night ; of course, he gnawed everything within reach ; of course, he bit caressing fingers (not mine, because I had taken home a parrot before) ; of course, he got out of his cage and was with difficulty recaptured—these things are incidental and inevitable to parrots. Conscientiously did I labour to teach him to speak, spending hours upon hours in monotonous repetition of "Pretty Polly." Occasionally the idiotic solemnity of his eye would lighten for a moment into something akin to scorn, as indicative of having heard the sentiment before and not thinking much of it, but the only thing he ever attempted to learn was

an anathema which I once—only once, upon my honour—hurled at him in exasperation at the futility of my efforts at tuition. This, he caught directly, and would practise it in an imperfect form at intervals afterwards—often guiltily and in a ghost-like manner at the dead of night, till discouraged by a hair-brush, slipper, or other meteor. That he should have commenced to moult on nearing land, so that on his arrival, when it was desirable that he should look at his best, he presented the appearance of having been prepared for the table, is also a theme for no special astonishment, since all birds that are taken home as presents invariably do so, and reach their destination in a raw condition which excites the recipient's indignation.

But it was not until we were actually in port that the real nature of the calamity he was about to prove to me became apparent.

I had lost the address! Somewhere in Queen Victoria Street I remembered, but I had entirely forgotten the number of the house and name of the agent; the aunt's name I had never known. I had torn up the letter with a lot of others as being of no moment one hot sleepy afternoon as we lay off Barbadoes, never remembering to make note of the essential part of the contents.

My position now was really something more than ludicrously embarrassing. Here I was, with this awful fowl on my hands. I could not go up and down Queen Victoria Street with it, asking in every office if the owner had a correspondent in Greytown, a Mr. So-and-so, by whom he had been advised of the consignment of a parrot per R.M.S.P. Tasmanian of such and such a date; and I dared not advertise with full name in the newspapers lest the old lady should see it, imagine possible disasters in the background, and become dangerously alarmed. An ambiguous advertisement I did insert in several of the daily papers, but it met with no response. But this was not the worst of it. The outward mail was just leaving, by which both aunt and agent would write announcing the non-arrival of the bird, and my hospitable entertainer would think that his guest, perfect stranger as he was, had requited his kindness by stealing the pet destined for his relative! I hastened to drop a line myself, which—knowing the insecurity of postal arrangements in Nicaragua—I forwarded, for safety's sake, to the club in Southampton, under cover to the

chief officer of the outward steamer, an old shipmate of mine, whom I begged to ensure its arrival.

Almost immediately afterwards, I was transferred to another ship on the Brazilian station and sailed, taking that "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore" with me. I pass over his doings and misdoings of that voyage because, as on the previous one, I cannot honestly say that I think they were exceptional; but I may just remark that my firm belief is, if Dante had had the experience, he would have made the guiltiest of his souls travel about semipernally in steamers with other men's parrots.

Returning to England four months later, I found my own letter, addressed to my friend the chief officer aforesaid, still in the letter-rack at the club; he, too, had been transferred to a Brazil ship at the last moment, and another man had sailed in his stead. The letter nothing having been received, it goes without saying that the enclosure had not been forwarded. And the bird was thriving diabolically all the time. In an ecstasy of despair I wrote two letters for post by the next mail to Greytown, and entrusted duplicates to every one on board for delivery, with bitter imprecations on their heads if they failed in that sacred trust. All reached their destination this time, but the addressee was away from home—had gone for a trip to Libertad.

Meanwhile, I had again sailed on the Brazil route, but I didn't take the parrot with me this time. No, I left him at home in charge of some relatives, who have since quarrelled with me. When I returned at the end of another four months and heard the unaltered position of affairs, I waited for several weeks to see if the post would bring an answer to my letters; none came, however, and an opportunity then occurring, I exchanged into the next steamer carrying the mails down the Spanish Main. Arriving at Greytown, I was received by my friend with open arms, and found that his reply had crossed me on the road, as he had not long returned from his visit to Libertad—it was on this occasion that I got my first touch of jungle-fever and a bad bite, as I have mentioned before. I left there charged with all particulars of names and addresses, which you may be sure I did not fail to note this time, and looked eagerly forward to reaching England and effecting the long-delayed fulfilment of my com-

mission at least. And when I got there, I found the parrot was dead!

A fire had broke out through some defect in the heating apparatus of a green-house; that structure, with a valuable collection of orchids, and some adjacent buildings, had been destroyed; and the poor bird, who had formed the pivot on which such a whirl of difficulties had revolved, and who was kept in the green-house for warmth, had been suffocated by the smoke before he could be rescued—not burnt, as his stuffed corpse testifies to this day.

I had an interview with my friend's agent at once, who accepted my explanations most cordially, and took me down to introduce me to the old lady who was thus bereaved of her long-promised pet. Counting on some little influence with the Zoological Society, I assured her confidently that she should receive the handsomest parrot in Europe in the course of a few days, but this she would by no means hear of. Her nerves, she said, would not bear a parrot. (Nor would mine, I mentally added.) Her darling canary was almost too much for her. But, I urged, she must allow me to send her something besides the embalmed remains of poor Poll. We had a pretty large collection at home—would she take her choice?—jaguar, racoon, Mexican squirrels, love-birds, agoutis, lizards, snakes? Nothing, she insisted, absolutely nothing; and I was obliged to leave with this very unsatisfactory dictum on her part. But, for all that, I sent her a pair of exquisite little Fijian parakeets, of certified taciturnity, before the week was out, who still live to console her and, in a far greater degree, myself for the misadventures of That Parrot.

#### TOM SHERIDAN.

THIS brilliant member of a brilliant family enjoys a reputation of a rather tantalising sort. Everyone can allude to "Tom" Sheridan, and the mention of his name calls up a figure whose humour seems to have a flavour not equal to that of his great parent, but agreeable in its kind. Yet, popularly, there is scarcely anything known of this clever young man. But we fancy we know him. Another of these mysterious unaccountable reputations is that of Sydney Smith's brother Bobus, of whom little or nothing is preserved, yet who is accepted universally. Not

to know him argues oneself unknown. This obscurity as to Tom Sheridan may, however, be a little lightened, and the colours in his somewhat shadowy outlines deepened. What is certain, too, is that we regard him, even under such conditions, with an indulgent partiality much as people do some off-hand good-humoured youth, met but once or twice, leaving an impression that we should like to know more of him, to see him again. In the same spirit, too, we have something of the old man's feeling, who likes the young fellow for the sake of his father, old Richard Brinsley, who fills such a large space in the social life of his day, but unfortunately does not improve as the years advance; he grows less respectable, in fact, as more is known of him. Indeed, it may be assumed that most "viveurs" of his class were driven by their wants and tastes, and the difficulty of satisfying them, to practices which the world now holds to be intolerable and "shady."

It may be said that young Tom's reputation may be fairly traced to a single well-known reply, or retort, of his, which has been considered of such excellent flavour and quality as to confer fame. This is his well-known answer to his father's threat "to cut him off with a shilling;" and which took the shape of, "You haven't got it about you, sir?" Now, in this, when first heard, there was something so unexpected and original (it has since grown familiar to us), something in the compounded insinuation, the implied doubt as to his parent being able to command the coin in question, and the eagerness to secure present cash at the sacrifice of his inheritance, such as it was; there was something that so piqued the public in all this; that it came to be accepted that the person capable of such a flight must be a wit of the first water, and capable of other efforts.

When a boy, he is said to have been like his beautiful mother, and his face to have had that peculiar look which is shown in the lovely Gainsborough at Dulwich. Like his father, he was sent to Harrow, and it is curious that he had the same celebrated master as his father enjoyed, viz., Dr. Parr. After passing to Cambridge, he entered the army, and being put into what is called a "crack" regiment, was almost at once placed on the staff of one of his father's political friends and associates, Lord Moira, also a bosom friend of the Regent's. This nobleman commanded in Scotland, and lived in one of the old stately mansions of



Edinburgh belonging to Lord Wemyss, the grandfather of the present Lord Elcho; and here the agreeable young officer, recommended moreover as the "son of the celebrated Brinsley," was welcomed into every house, and lived a rather dissipated life, to the prejudice of his official duties. A story is told of the good-humoured reproof given by his chief, who did not relish his servants being kept up, and his household disturbed by his entry during the small hours: the door being one night, or rather morning, opened by Lord Moira himself, acting as porter.

It was when he was in this country that he fell in love with a young lady, Miss Callendar, an heiress, and married her.

The agreeable and always welcome "Monk" Lewis, on a round of visits in Scotland, once found himself at Inverary Castle, during festivities given for the duke's birthday. Here were a number of lively persons of congenial dispositions, and among others Mr. Sheridan and his bride. It struck him that marriage had not as yet "steadied" the gay son of Brinsley.

"I am very regular," writes Mr. Lewis to his mother, "in my mode of life, compared to most of the other inhabitants of the castle; for many of them do not go to bed till between six and seven; and between four and five in the morning is the time generally selected as being most convenient for playing at billiards. The other morning, I happened to wake about six o'clock, and hearing the billiard-balls in motion, I put on my dressing-gown, and went into the gallery, from whence, looking down into the great hall, I descried Tom Sheridan and Mr. Chester (who had not been in bed all night) playing with great eagerness. Fortunately, Tom was in the act of making a stroke on which the fate of the whole game depended, when I shouted to him over the balustrade, 'Shame! shame! a married man!' on which he started back in a fright, missed his stroke, and lost the game.

"Mrs. T. Sheridan is also here at present, very pretty, very sensible, amiable and gentle; indeed, so gentle, that Tom insists upon it that her extreme quietness and tranquillity is a defect in her character. Above all, he accuses her of such an extreme apprehension of giving trouble (he says), it amounts to absolute affectation. He affirms that, when the cook has forgotten her duty, and no dinner is prepared, Mrs. Sheridan says, 'Oh! pray don't get

dinner on purpose for me; I'll take a dish of tea instead;' and he declares himself certain, that if she were to set her clothes on fire, she would step to the bell very quietly, and say to the servant, with great gentleness and composure, 'Pray, William, is there any water in the house?'—'No madame; but I can soon get some.'—'Oh dear no; it does not signify; I dare say the fire will go out of itself!'"

One of Tom's droll adventures is retailed by Theodore Hook in his own manner in Gilbert Gurney.

"He was staying at Lord Craven's at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only his 'dog and his gun,' on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad, the birds few and shy, and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy. 'Hallo! you sir,' said the squire, when within half earshot; 'what are you doing here, sir, eh?' 'I'm shooting, sir,' said Tom. 'Do you know where you are, sir?' said the squire. 'I'm here, sir,' said Tom. 'Here, sir?' said the squire, growing angry; 'and do you know where here is, sir?—these, sir, are my manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?' 'Why, sir, as to your manners,' said Tom, 'I can't say they seem over-agreeable.' 'I don't want any jokes, sir,' said the squire; 'I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—what are you?' 'Why, sir,' said Tom, 'my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing.' 'Sheridan!' said the squire, cooling a little; 'oh! from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I——' 'No, sir,' said Tom, 'but you need not have been in a passion.' 'Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!' said the squire; 'you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion.' 'Why, sir,' said Tom, 'if I were in your place, under the circumstances, I should say, "I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you

did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment." The squire was hit by this nonchalance, and, it is needless to add, acted upon Sheridan's suggestion. 'So far,' said poor Tom, 'the story tells for me, now you shall hear the sequel.' After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and having half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards. In the course of his walk, he passed through a farmyard; in the front of the farmhouse was a green, in the centre of which was a pond. On the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green. Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent anyone else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly. 'My good friend,' says Tom, 'I make you an offer.' 'Of what, sur?' says the farmer. 'Why,' replies Tom, 'I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?' 'What sort of a shot are you?' said the farmer. 'Fairish!' said Tom, 'fairish!' 'And to have all you kill?' said the farmer, 'eh?' 'Exactly so,' said Tom. 'Half-a-guinea,' said the farmer. 'That's too much,' said Tom. 'I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket.' 'Well,' said the man, 'hand it over.' The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen,

then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended. 'Those were right good shots, sur,' said the farmer. 'Yes,' said Tom, 'eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?' 'Why, yes,' said the man, scratching his head, 'I think they be; but what do I care for that? they are none of them mine!' 'Here,' said Tom, 'I was for once in my life beaten, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness.'

It is well-known that Tom pursued a course as reckless and extravagant as that of his father, was ever in debt, and desperately struggling to raise money. There is something piteously humiliating in this spectacle of the spendthrift son and the spendthrift father thus competing with one another in this degrading course. We have a picture of him at Watier's club, gambling all night, and stripped of everything, in which state Mr. Brummell found him, sitting very ruefully, and with his last stake before him. The good-natured Beau, who was at that time in luck, offered to "take the box," and joining their fortunes, sat down to play for both. He had very soon won a sum of over a thousand pounds, and stopping at the right moment, divided the winnings, and said in his rough way: "Now, Tom, go home to your wife and brats, and never touch a card again." This is a pleasant trait, but, as may be conceived, it was profitless. The gambler is never cured.

We next find the agreeable Tom filling an office for which, of all offices in the world, he was least capable, or at least as capable as was his father, namely, that of managing a theatre. For a time he helped to administer or disorganise the great concern of Drury Lane. The truth was, both father and son looked on the undertaking as a sort of bank or bill-discounting establishment for their improvident necessities, and the worthy treasurer, Peake, seems to have had a miserable time in striving to provide for the calls of the theatre, and save the moneys from being intercepted by father and son. It was indeed a case of killing the goose. When the moneys which should have gone to pay

salaries, etc., were intercepted, pledged, and anticipated, we have quite enough to account for the decay of Old Drury.

The connection of the Sheridans with Drury Lane lasted for some twenty years. Indeed, it was amazing how he contrived to maintain it so long. But few could have an idea of the desperate shifts, the devices for raising the wind, the miserable straits in which the manager found himself. The life of the baited treasurer, Peake, must have been a burden to him. His papers have been preserved, and offer a truly piteous picture of the life of the impecunious. Letters, scraps, bills, all to the one tune, written also by the various members of the family, the father, the wife, and the son.

Thus Sheridan: "PEAKE,—It is impossible to say the suffering I have and the distress you bring on me when you totally disappoint and make me a liar to my own servants. Peake, it seems hard."

Again, he would press for money, ten pounds or twenty, "as to-morrow was the last day for the taxes."

"DEAR PEAKE,—I really must make a point that you take up your acceptance for May. It distresses me beyond measure."

And again: "Be the consequence ever so much you must send me twenty pounds by the bearer."

Then from another quarter the unhappy Peake would be pressed by the wife who wrote that "Mr. Sheridan assured me that a certain sum was to be remitted to me every week. I cannot go on longer without money. E. Sh."

Then Mr. Tom Sheridan comes on the scene addressing, "Dear Dickey," asking for ten or twenty pounds, vowing that "I haven't been master of a guinea scarcely since I have been in town, and wherever I turn myself I am disgraced! To my father it is vain to apply. He is mad, and so shall I be if I don't hear from you." Again: "Remember the 30th. Do not, for God's sake, forget me. Something must be done."

A Mr. Coshier had been persuaded by Sheridan, the father, into advancing two hundred and forty pounds to pay the renters, to be repaid out of the nightly receipts, at the rate of twenty pounds per night. After a month the creditor writes indignantly, "that he has received nothing!"

On May 1st, when money is forwarded to

Peake, out of the receipts of Pizarro, amounting to one hundred and thirty-four pounds, the agent writes:

"SIR,—The above is the statement, and enclosed is the bill which the money went to pay, by Mr. Sheridan's engagement. There is still, you will see, thirteen shillings and twopence due to me."

Besides this the treasurer had to meet a dinner order for "Richardson, Grubb, and Sheridan," amounting to three pounds, with a "Mr. Peake, pay this bill," written below. To say nothing of wagers, such as: "1799, Mr. Kelly bets Mr. Sheridan a rump and dozen that the king comes to Drury Lane this season for Bluebeard."

"Pray," writes poor Mr. Sheridan, distracted, after a warm discussion between the managers, "do not let any bad consequences arise from the words that passed between Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Grubb to-night, and if you should suspect anything, I entreat you to let me know." It is, indeed, a most painful picture. Finally, as is well known, Sheridan was burnt out of Drury Lane, and then the actual ruin of himself and his family set in.

Once the son asked his father for a supply of cash. "Money I have none," was the reply. "But money I must have," said the other. "If that be the case," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols upstairs, and a horse ready-saddled in the stable—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath." "I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

"Mike" Kelly, who knew both father and son well, gives us a glimpse of both at this time:

"The Drury Lane Company were performing at the Lyceum, under the firm of Tom Sheridan, the late Colonel Greville, and Mr. Arnold, and were very successful; and every person belonging to the establishment were regularly paid their full salaries. Tom Sheridan, for some part of the time, was manager, and evinced great talent and industry. I had the pleasure of living on terms of intimacy with him; and many a time, when he used to come to town from Cambridge, with his friend, the Honourable Berkeley Craven, have they favoured me with their company."

"Tom Sheridan did not 'ape his sire' in all things; for whenever he made an appointment, he was punctuality personified. In every transaction I had with him, I always found him uniformly correct; nor did he unfrequently lament his father's indolence and want of regularity, although he had (indeed naturally) a high veneration for his talents.

"Tom Sheridan had a good voice, and true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity.

"The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament. 'I think, father,' said he, 'that many men, who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, "To be Let." 'And under that, Tom,' said his father, 'write—"Unfurnished."'"

Actually, Tom Sheridan made two attempts to enter Parliament, but he failed. In 1806 he was defeated for Liskeard, by Mr. Huskisson. He also attempted Stafford with similar result. At last his necessities became too pressing for him to remain in England, and his powerful friend obtained for him the place of Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope, with a salary of one thousand two hundred pounds a year. The Prince Regent sent for him on his departure, and, with many kindly words and good wishes, made him a substantial present of money. But he was in wretched health, and showed signs of consumption. Angelo, the fencing-master, met him on the eve of his departure, and with a sickly countenance he said, smiling: "Angelo, my old acquaintance, I shall have twenty months longer to live."

This presentiment was, unhappily, fulfilled. He died on September 12, 1817, only a short time after his gifted father, and left his family totally unprovided for. His body was brought home, and the destitute children with their mother returned to England. It was little suspected then that the family would have so favourable a fortune in store. Of the three girls one became the well-known brilliant Mrs. Norton; another the charming Lady Dufferin, one of the sweetest and most attractive of women, even in old age; and the third Duchess of Somerset.

## THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII. GHOSTS.

MR. HORNDEAN and Frank Lisle had a pleasant journey. Everything, even the weather, which had taken up again after one wet day, was looking bright for the happy lover of Beatrix. It was vexatious that his beautiful betrothed should have had all that trouble, and Mrs. Maberley was a fool, but in reality the matter did not distress Mr. Horndean. He was perfectly indifferent about money, on the simple condition that he always had as much as he wanted. He was in high good-humour with his friend, the ready sacrifice of whose plans and wishes to his own did, for once, strike Mr. Horndean as a trait of amiability; for he knew how the sun-loving soul of the painter hated the English winter. And he was delighted with their present errand at Horndean; for it had the adornment of Beatrix for its object, the rendering of a fresh testimony to her beauty and to his worship of it. The idea had occurred to Frank Lisle on the occasion of the first discussion of the projected fancy ball, that the precious stones, which formed a portion of the Horndean collection, and especially the famous Hungarian garnets, would complete with striking effect the rich and uncommon costume which he hoped to induce Beatrix to wear. The jewels were ancient, and of considerable value, and their form was exactly that required: the circular head-tire of gold was studded with uncut stones; the girdle had long ends of wrought gold and iron, with clasps, fringes, and bosses of the rich red garnets of Bohemia and Magyarland; the stomacher bosses of the same; and in the collar and bracelets, of more modern date, and extraordinarily fine workmanship, a profusion of similar stones was employed. Of all the objects in the collection Beatrix admired these garnets the most; there were gems of greater value there, but the richness and the quaintness of this parure pleased her, and she had been quite interested in Mrs. Townley Gore's account of old Mr. Horndean's acquisition of the precious things, and his pride in the recognition of their value by rival collectors. His heir and successor would have continued to regard them as "a parcel of valuable rubbish shut up in a box, and bound to stay there"—according to his



contemptuous designation of them to Frank Lisle—if they had not been glorified by Beatrix's admiration, and if the artistic Frank had not instructed him in their beauty. That they should be used for the adornment of his betrothed was a delightful idea. Beatrix would be the observed of all observers, of course, in any costume, but Mr. Horndean looked forward with the triumph of a lover, and Frank Lisle with the satisfaction of an artist, to her success thus splendidly and singularly arrayed. It had been agreed that the friends should go to Horndean, select the jewels from the case, of which Mr. Horndean had the keys, and take them back to London to be arranged for Beatrix's use. She was to know nothing about the matter until the parure should be complete; and this was the harmless secret which her lover had promised should be the very last he would ever keep from her.

Frank Lisle also was very happy in his easy way, as they travelled down to Horndean, in a comfortable smoking-carriage, talking pleasantly in the intervals of newspaper-reading. Mr. Lisle had made up his mind to his friend's marriage; it could not be helped; the red-haired witch was heartily in love, at all events; that said more for her than Mr. Lisle had expected; and Mr. Horndean's latest, and severest, "fit" was certainly keeping him from gambling.

They arrived at Horndean in time for dinner, and late in the evening they went to the long drawing-room, where the cases containing the collection were placed, as has already been described. A bright wood fire was burning, the room was partially lighted, but nevertheless its aspect—the long range of cases, hidden by securely locked covers, that occupied the recesses underneath the bookcases, the sheeted cabinets, swathed-up lustres, and generally out-of-use furniture, with which the full-dressed portraits seemed to be in strange disaccord—was gloomy.

"I wonder whether old Mr. Horndean 'walks,'" said Frank Lisle. "This looks a likely sort of place for a ghost. Perhaps he keeps guard over his treasures, and won't like our meddling with them. I say, Fred, I hope we sha'n't see the old fellow."

Mr. Horndean did not smile, and he made rather an odd answer to Frank Lisle's foolish speech.

"Do you?" said he sadly. "I think I should like to have the chance of saying 'Thank you,' though only to his ghost."

The case which contained the jewels was not one of those which occupied the recesses under the bookcases. It was a separate structure, placed in the centre of the long room, between two beautiful inlaid marble tables, and exactly opposite to a door masked by tapestry, that communicated with a small sitting-room which Mr. Horndean had used in the summer, and which had now been made ready for him and Mr. Lisle on the short notice given to the housekeeper. This case was composed of ebony and thick plate-glass, and it stood on brass feet which were screwed into the floor. An oak cover fitted over it like an extinguisher, and was secured by an iron band passing under the bottom, over the top, and along the sides; this bar was fastened by a padlock. They speedily removed the cumbrous cover, and revealed the thick sheets of glass under which lay the precious collection of gems, cut and uncut, and the famous Hungarian parure, fitted into its white velvet case, and ticketed with the dates, the origin, and the name of the workers in precious metals whose cunning skill had produced it.

"Here they are," said Frank Lisle, "and more of them than I thought. They will do splendidly, when it is all put together. Just look how the light gets into and shines out of the red hearts of them!"

Mr. Horndean looked at the jewels with a new interest; he could imagine how they would set off the smooth creamy whiteness of Beatrix's matchless complexion. He was impatient to see her wear them; he hoped they would console her for the loss of her pearls.

They carried the jewels into the little sitting-room, having carefully locked the case, and replaced the cover, and Frank Lisle set to work at once at the drawing which they were to place, with the parure, in the hands of a jeweller.

"There will not be much to do," said Frank Lisle, "only a few clasps to set right, the necklace and stomacher to mount on velvet, and the head-circlet to set right. There will be plenty of time."

He went on with his drawing, and Mr. Horndean smoked and read. He was not in a talkative mood, and the stillness of the big empty house seemed to oppress him. At length Frank Lisle completed the sketch to their joint satisfaction, and after a little desultory talk and they were about to part for the night:

"By-the-bye," said Frank, "what had we better do with the gimcracks? It won't

do to leave them about here. Mrs. Grimshaw will think there has been a robbery, and that the thieves have abandoned a portion of the spoil, if these are found on the table in the morning."

"Take them to your room and put them in your bag. And, Frank, remind me to tell the old lady, to-morrow, that we have taken these things; she ought to know of their removal. I suppose you will be early, and I shall be late, as usual, in the morning."

"Yes. I shall be off for a walk as early as I can; but I shall be back in plenty of time for our start at eleven o'clock."

He wrapped the antique parure up in a handkerchief, deposited the packet in his dressing-bag, and after a final admiring contemplation of his sketch, bethought him that as he contemplated a long walk in the Chesney Manor and Notley Woods early on the following morning, he had better get to sleep at a reasonable hour.

When Mr. Horndean was alone, the depression that had come over him increased. He felt restless; he hated the stillness, he wanted to think of Beatrix, of nothing but Beatrix, and he could not. Was the glass falling? Was a storm coming? He was sensitive to things of that kind, and he drew back the window curtains and looked out, almost hoping to see an angry sky, with black scudding clouds and menace in it. But there was nothing of the kind, the sky was serene, and the moon was shining, unveiled. Mr. Horndean drew the curtains together with a clash, and sat down before the fire, stirring the logs, and finding a relief in the crackle with which they flung off their sparks. What was the matter with him? Why did the past intrude itself now, of all times, upon him: the needless, dead, irreversible, unmeaning past? Was it Frank Lisle's jesting mention of that old friend, that generous benefactor, whose patience he had so sorely tried, whose kindness he had so ill repaid, from whose death-bed he had been absent (but that at least was no fault of his own), that had done this? Were there ghosts that took no form, and yet could haunt men in the broad daylight of their lives, in the full sunshine of their happiness, coming back long after they had been laid, and bringing the chill of doubt and presentiment with them? What was this that was in the air around him; threatening, intangible, formless, but so real that his skin shivered, and his heart sank at its presence? What

was this that the fair face of his betrothed Beatrix could not shut out, when he summoned it up before his mind's eye, and addressed the beautiful image in murmured words of passionate endearment? Whatever it was, he was determined to drive it away, by all the opposition which a happy lover's rehearsal of his bliss could offer it. He would write to Beatrix; his letter would reach her only a little before his own arrival, but so much the better. She would meet him with that wonderful look in her starry eyes, and that intoxicating tone in her low clear voice, which made him half mad while their spell was upon him. What could all the ghosts of all the past, or even that one ghost, feared the most of all, that ghost gliding horribly near him now, do to him then? He almost laughed aloud as he defied them.

Mr. Horndean wrote on steadily for two hours. Never before had he written so long a letter, and as he sealed it he wondered whether Beatrix would keep it always, or burn it at once. He had said so much in that letter; he had poured out his whole soul to her, he had made vows and protestations of love such as he had never uttered to her in speech, even in the most assured moments of their solitude and their happiness; he had revealed and admitted her empire over him with lavish adulation such as she had never yet received from him; for there was no restraining touch of that cynical hardness which Beatrix showed, even towards him, to check him in the worship he was offering to her now. It was such a letter as some women could not bear to keep, lest it should ever come to be a mocking memorial of a dead passion—these would be women who knew the world. It was such a letter as some women could not bear to destroy, holding it an assurance of the immortality of their treasure—these would be the women who knew nothing of the world. Mr. Horndean was well aware that Beatrix was of the former class; but he did not reason at all upon the question that suggested itself. Some day he would ask her what she had done with his last love-letter; for this would be his last; they were not again to be a day without meeting, until their marriage.

He placed the packet in full view upon the mantelshef, and, the ghosts being all gone, his serenity restored, and his mind exclusively full of Beatrix, was about to undress, when his eye fell on the coat he had worn that morning, and he remembered that at

the moment of starting he had put some unopened letters into its breast-pocket. He had not thought of them until now, when he resumed his seat, and looked over them. They consisted of two or three notes of no importance, and a letter, evidently unwelcome, bearing an Indian postmark. Mr. Horndean looked at the address with a strange aversion, the expression of one in whose memory a jarring chord is struck, and with a visible effort, opened and read the letter. Presently he let it fall into the fender, and sat like a man stricken with death, pale and motionless. The time passed, and save when he passed his hand across his forehead and uttered a deep sigh, he remained in the same seemingly paralysed state. The night was far advanced, the candles were guttering in the sockets, the last spark had died out amid the grey ashes of the charred logs, when he rose, shivering, and threw himself upon his bed. The vague presence had taken form now, and was close upon him; he knew the ghost now.

It was after eleven o'clock on the following day when Frank Lisle, coming in, out of breath, but in high spirits, found Mr. Horndean waiting for him, but without any appearance of being prepared for their journey.

"I was almost afraid I should be late, Fred," said Mr. Lisle. "I have had a run for it, but I suppose my watch is wrong, as usual. I ought to have allowed for that, like Captain Cuttle."

"You have plenty of time. Where have you been?"

"I started for Notley, and had a pleasant walk; the hedges were all sparkling with the sun on the night frost. They're getting on capitally with the restoration of the spire. I saw the postman, and old Bob, the carrier; I wish I hadn't been too modest to ask him to sell me his red waistcoat; it's fifty years old, at least, and the tone is wonderful! Then I turned into the Manor, and taking the short cut through the shrubbery, by the copper-beech, you know, whom should I meet but Mr. Warrender, two little girls, and a white dog—my white dog—the one whose leg I mended in the autumn."

"Yes, yes, I remember, you told me about it," said Mr. Horndean hurriedly, and stooping to poke the fire unnecessarily.

"The children recognised me; I introduced myself, and in a few minutes I found

myself enrolled as a volunteer on a holly and ivy cutting expedition. My young friends were very unwilling to part with me when I had to leave them—by which time the attendant gardener's wheelbarrow was filled—and very anxious that I should join them in the afternoon, when they are going to 'dress up' the church they call 'Uncle's' for Christmas."

"Where is the church, and why do they call it their 'Uncle's'?"

"It is the little Catholic church, with a pretty cottage within the enclosure, near the west lodge of Chesney Manor. I suppose the children call it their uncle's because it is chiefly supported by him. Mr. Warrender is the only Catholic among the gentry about here."

"I understand. Well?"

"I walked back with them to the house, and Mr. Warrender invited me to dine, and asked me to invite you, but I explained our flying visit, and came away."

"Did you see no one else?"

"No; not belonging to the family. I caught a glimpse of the governess, at the door, as the children ran up the steps to her. Such a pretty girl, Fred. I did not observe her when I saw the children the first time; she is quite beautiful. But, my dear fellow," added Frank, as he came hastily towards Mr. Horndean and looked curiously at him, "there's something wrong with you. What is the matter? Are you ill? Have you heard any bad news?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

"I cannot tell you!"

"You cannot tell me! Why, Fred, what do you mean? There you stand, looking ill, and as if you had not slept all night, and you acknowledge something has happened, and you cannot tell me what it is."

"I cannot tell you now," repeated Mr. Horndean, laying his hand heavily on Frank Lisle's shoulder, "but I will, before long. I am in a difficulty, a great difficulty, Frank, and you must help me, as you always do; only this time you must help me blindfold for a little. I must be alone here to-day. It is indispensable; there is something I must do—you shall know it all soon, very soon; but I must be alone until it is done. I want you to go up to town; you must start in ten minutes, taking the things with you, to settle about them with the jewellers, and to send word to Beatrix, who will be expecting me, that I shall be detained here until late to-morrow by business. Will you do this, Frank?"

"Of course I will, but——"

"You don't understand it. No, but do I not promise that you shall? I will tell you all about it when I come up to town."

"Is there any reason why I should not return? For how long do you want to be alone?"

"For only a few hours."

"Then I will come back to-night. You need not see me until morning if you don't like, but your looks are not at all to my mind, and I shall come back to-night, by the last train very likely, but to-night. There's the dog-cart; and there go my bag and my coat into it. Good-bye, Fred."

"Good-bye, Frank. You shall know all to-morrow."

They shook hands, and parted. Mr. Horndean did not go to the door with his friend, but so soon as the dog-cart had disappeared, he remained lost in thought for some time, and then returned to his own room. There he took a small packet from the tray of a despatch-box, placed it in his pocket-book, and came downstairs again. A few minutes later, he left the house, passed through the shrubbery, jumped the iron fence which formed the boundary between the Chesney Manor lands and his own, and striking into the path that led through Chesney Wood from east to west, was soon lost to sight among the stems of the gaunt leafless trees.

In the meantime Mrs. Masters's little daughters had been relating the incidents of their morning walk to their mother, who was kept in the house by a cold, and to Miss Rhodes, who had gladly availed herself of that pretext to remain with her.

"Tippoo Sahib knew the strange gentleman at once," said Maggie, cutting out Maud in volubility and circumstantiality, "and he was so glad to see him; he sniffed, and barked, and hopped like anything. And the strange gentleman knew him, and spoke to Uncle John, and then he came with us to cut the holly and ivy, and I like him so much that I mean to marry him when I am as tall as Miss Rhodes."

"And he drew a picture of the copper-beech that Uncle John is so fond of, before we came home," struck in Maud gaspingly,

"and took Moo-Cow's portrait, and Jack's, too"—Jack was a donkey—"and oh, do tell me, Miss Rhodes, what is a bit of an artist?"

"A bit of an artist?" said Mrs. Masters, smiling; "why do you want to know that?"

"Because the gentleman said his name was Frank Lisle, and he was a bit of an artist, and I should like to marry him, too, when he comes back."

Mrs. Masters glanced at Helen in alarm. Here was what she had dreaded, come upon them! Here was that she had endeavoured to conceal revealed by an accident, which she might easily have foreseen to be a probable one. What was to be done now? She sent the children to their nurse before she spoke again, and when she and Helen were alone, she said to her tenderly:

"I have been very wrong, my dear girl. I have known for some time that this man was in the habit of coming to Horndean, and that there might be danger of your meeting him, and I did not tell you, fearing to disturb your peace, and because I heard that he had gone abroad for the whole winter. Of course the risk of your meeting him now can be averted; but I wish you could have been spared this shock."

"There is some mistake," said Helen, who was deadly pale, but quite composed, "I distinctly remember the person who set Tippoo's leg. I was with the children when the accident happened, I saw the gentleman, and spoke to him then. He was a perfect stranger to me!"

"And yet, his name is Frank Lisle, and he is Mr. Horndean's friend."

"Yes. It is strange; it seems almost impossible that there should be another of the same name, also Mr. Horndean's friend; but this gentleman is not—he."

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